AN EPISTLE TO Mr. *WELSTED.* AND SATYR on the ENGLISH Tranſlations of *HOMER.*

AN EPISTLE TO Mr. *WELSTED*; AND A SATYRE on the ENGLISH Translations of *HOMER*.

Parturiunt Montes —— HOR.

To which is added,

An ESSAY towards an *Encomium* on the true Merit of HOMER.

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TO

Mr. *Mathew Prior*,

These PIECES

are humbly inſcrib'd,

By

Bezaleel Morrice.

TO

AN EPISTLE TO Mr. *WELSTED.*

Parturiunt Montes ——— Hor.

O H ſupple Bard! thy gentle Muſe delight's
To ſhew her Grace in ſmooth and level Flights;
ee, no fiery Tranſport claims the Skies,
Torrents roar, nor raging Whirlwinds riſe;

Nor

Nor ſurly *Satyre*'s rough and horrid Mein,
Is in thy harmleſs Verſes ever ſeen:
Thy harmleſs Verſes, ever ſpruce and gay,
In ſpecious Gingle move one only Way;
In eaſy Meaſures ſtill they ſliding go,
Their Weight and Vigour —— like the fa
Snow.

Love is the Subject of thy melting Lays,
Love, and the ſofter Sex's ſofteſt Praiſe.

If ought allures thee from this darling Thea
'Tis but to fall into ſome Golden Dream;
'Tis but to ſeek ſome courteous Noble's Grac
And greatly aim at Profit, or a Place.

What Mortal wou'd cenſoriouſly ſuppoſe,
hen from thy Quill ſuch ſoothing Language flows;
hen gentleſt Matters ſeemingly controul
hy tender Thoughts, and fill thy peaceful *Soul*;
kindly form'd to pleaſe each gracious *Belle!*
thy ſtern Mind harſh *Arrogance* cou'd dwell?
lofty *Self-conceit!* and humble *Senſe!*
yn'd with *Succeſs*, what Wonders ye diſpenſe!

Yet, tho' the witty *Beaus* believe thee fine,
hink not all Art, or Excellence is thine;
reat thy Superiors with a due Eſteem,
or *Maro*'s ſweet cœleſtial Muſe blaſpheme;
or, 'till thou haſt procur'd a juſter Fame,
xplode our *Cowley*, or our *Dryden* blame.

Let not the Favour of a partial Croud,
(No certain Sign of *Merit*) make thee proud;
Conſider proſp'rous *Man!* uncertain Fate,
Leaſt thou repent thy Forwardneſs too late;

Alas! a *Reputation* that depends
On wav'ring Notions, often quickly ends!
'Tis like a Structure plac'd on yeilding Sand,
That muſt, which wou'd a laſting Date command,
As founded on a Rock, in Reaſon ſtand!

Thy modiſh Works, that ſuit the preſent Taſt,
Impartial and devouring Time may waſte;
Time may arrive, when Worth ſhall have Renown
And Senſe, and ſolid Learning pleaſe the Town;

Then

en ſhalt thou bury'd in Oblivion lye,
y blooming Things ſhalt fade! and Glory
yielding dye!

Thus in th' unſettled Gloom the ſhow'ry *Bow*,
failing Grace awhile do's feebly ſhow;
mottly Beauty! by Reflection made,
e gliſt'ning Varniſh of a wat'ry Shade!
gloſſy Tinctures cauſe a ſhort Surprize,
tract a-while the the weak Admirer's Eyes;
t when the Sun's fair Beams ſerenely play,
d well reſtore the Luſture of the Day;
e gaudy Trifle —— vaniſhes away.

ON THE
Britiſh Tranſlations
OF
HOMER.

ON THE
British Translations
OF
HOMER:
A SATYRE.

HE's base who wou'd degrade what's truly Fine;
Oppose true Merit, or a brave Design,
ell fram'd and manag'd; can presume to blame,
envy thence a well extracted Fame.

But

But when a trivial Author, fluſh'd with Pra
Sprung from light Minds, thro' ſlight and fro
Layes;
Who the fantaſtic Croud with tinckling Chimes
Has Skill to pleaſe, and faſh'onably Rhymes,
Dares raſhly in the mightieſt Work engage,
What Mortal can with-hold Diſdain and Rage
Who wou'd not then to rigid Terms proceed,
Who has juſt Senſe of the prepoſt'rous Deed?

A Work! that has ſo many Trials paſs'd,
Deſerving with the Univerſe to laſt;
Like that, with various Excellence endew'd,
And with almoſt as much Amazement view'd!

Wh

Whoſe ſolid Worth thro' envious Time remains,
And as more known, more Admiration gains;
In its vaſt Praiſe Ages united joyn!
And Juſtice from a weak Attempt like thine,
Oh *Pope*! can its tranſcendant Author find?
In whoſe capacious, whoſe prodigious Mind,
Conduct and Force their utmoſt Aid impart,
And ſhew the whole Extent of human Wit, and Art!
What Jndgment does a Task like this require?
What Senſe? What Knowledge? What amazing Fire?

But 'tis in vain to cenſure or deride,
In modern Wits, th' unconquerable Pride;

Who when reprov'd, yet more audacious grow,
And all Things rightly, but themſelves, will know;
All Things induſtriouſly attempt, when Pay
(Their noble Guide) prepares the choſen Way.

Three daring *Poets* lo! at diff'rent Times,
On this Account, unſheath their dreadful Rhymes;
Feircely advance, and at a furious Rate,
This glorious Bard with Crualty tranſlate.

Bold *Chapman* do's th' advent'rous Work commence,
And to a moſt prodigeous Length he ſtretches out his Senſe;

Preſents

Preſents him rack'd and tortur'd to our Eyes,
And in ſo mean and ſuch a Courſe Diſguize,
He never ſure from Fortune ſufier'd more,
E'en tho' he ſought his Bread from Door to Door.

Then *Ogleby*, in Terms more dull and low,
Whether he ſhou'd debaſe him, Yea! or No!
Debates——and then (as 'twas by Fate decreed)
He feebly do's attempt to do the Deed:

From *Hobbs* he finds a ſure deſtructive Fate,
Philoſopher too ſoon! and Bard too late!
By him he's more than Argument abus'd,
and more perverſely than Religion us'd:

Smart *Pope* comes now——yet not ſo ſtern as
theſe;
He proves more kind; treats him with Grace and
Eaſe;
And makes him ſpruce, the *Beaus* and *Belles* to
pleaſe;
So gentle female Habits, heretofore
Renown'd *Achilles* and *Alcides* wore.

Thus chang'd, how loſs'd! oh whither now
flown
The true ſurpaſing Glory, once his own?
How both his Mettle and his Pomp decreaſe,
As thus he's hurry'd from the Plains of *Greece*?

Th' immortal Steed from his triumphant Race
led, and taught a pretty modiſh Pace,
With Bells he gingles, do's with Harneſs ſhine,
ſomething ſprightly, in Appearance fine;
Yet notwithſtanding this he bears a Load,
And moves one only Way——a beaten Road;
Oh! where is now his former various Courſe?
And where the Tempeſt of his Speed, and Force?

But ye choice Judges of the *Britiſh* Kind!
Who to ſuch Works are graciouſly inclin'd,
Tell me why *Homer* muſt theſe Wrongs ſuſtain?
Why meet this barb'rous, this unjuſt Diſdain?
To moſt reputed Strangers, thus do we
Shew our Politeneſs, and our Courteſy?

Thus

Thus our Regard to high Deſert diſpence?
Suits this our Hoſpitality and Senſe?

Or if the largeſt Scope of our Deſires,
But to the Meaning of his Words aſpires?
If this alone our mod'rate Wiſhes ask,
A Padagogue or Boy, th' inglorious Task,
May do——but if in Reaſon 'tis requir'd
Tranſlators ſhou'd be like himſelf inſpir'd,
Shou'd be with equal Senſe and Judgment fill'd,
In ev'ry human Way as greatly skill'd;
Search thro' his vaſt and comprehenſive Mind,
His utmoſt Meaning abſolutely find,
Know Nature, and themſelves, and all Mankind;
And ſure it is——if in this Light we ſee
This wond'rous *Grecian*; what alas! are we,

From

m whom, thro' Shallowneſs, Aſſurance ſprings;
ſhly to cope with ſuch ſtupendious Things?
en let us, if we can, for Shame give o'er
eſe uſeleſs Aims, and thus attempt no more;
r by ſuch Actions publickly confeſs'd,
all the knowing World become the Jeſt;
r Shame, let Reaſon our Endeavours ſway,
if reſolv'd in this untoward Way
venture forward——with *Proſodia*'s Rules,
et him be next transform'd by Youths at Schools;
this, let modern Wits aſſert the Cauſe,
nd crown the choice Performance with Applauſe.

A ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF *HOMER.*

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O H! Thou! whoſe Works againſt the
Rage of Time
Still laſt; and flouriſh with immortal
Bloom,
Who ſing'ſt in ſuch a memorable Strain,
Of Men and Manners, Heroes, Kings, and Gods;

What mortal Genious can deſcribe thy Worth?
And in a Style aſtoniſhing like thine,
Diſcloſe the Graces of thy wond'rous Muſe?
To ſhew the Graces of thy wond'rous Muſe,
And paint thy Merit in a Style like thine,
Is an Attempt of ſuch ſtupendious Weight,
No Mortal Genius can ſuſtain the Load!

What thou ſincerely and compleatly ar't
Can but be found in Thee; thy *Self* alone
Thy perfect Mirror! thy tranſcendant Verſe
By various Ways ſubdues the raviſh'd Mind.

Sublime and fair as Heaven's ſereneſt Looks;
Rich as the whole accumulated Stores

t gorgeous *Perſia*, joyn'd with *India*'s Mines;
nd pompous as the World's impartial Lord
oung *Ammon*; holding in triumphant Pride
heir vanquiſh'd Spoils; gentle as vernal Ayrs,
ur:ous as Whirlwinds; violent and loud
s Thunder; eaſy as the Bonds of Sleep;
mooth as the Surface of the peaceful Main,
When *Haleyons* brood, and the retiring Winds
re faſten'd in theſr ſubterreanean Hold;
oft as the Sighs of Lovers, or the Down
Of *Jove*, when he leaving his lofty State,
unk to the Likeneſs of a Silver Swan,
And languiſhing, on *Leda*'s yeilding Breaſt
Diſſolv'd; harmonius as th' inchanting Voice
Of *Syrens*, ſo prevailing o'er the Senſe;

But

But, as that tempts the ſwift Deſtruction, this
Improves, they vary like the Sunder'd Poles
Curious and regular as Nature's Skill,
Shewn in the Structure of the Univerſe;
And of as ſolid and ſecure a Frame.

FINIS.